ENGLISH SOCIALISM

AND WHAT ITS DELEGATES HAD TO SAY TO MR. JOHN MORLEY.

London, November 5. Mr. Frederic Harrison has lately been singing a pacan over the new alliance between Socialism he understands it) and Trades Unions. A far more interesting and instructive view of the whole matter may be had by studying the colloquy between the Socialists of Newcastle and Mr. John Morley, M. P. for Newcastle. There has been notining like it in modern polities. For convenience sake I will speak of the gentlemen of the deputation as Socialists, though Labor Party is the name under which they have recently fought and lot an important election at Newcastle. They chose three members of the Newcastle School Board last January. Inspirited by their success, they set up labor candidates at the municipal election last Friday, and were beaten all along the line. It is not difficult to see why. The electors of Newcastle may have been willing to give Socialist opinions a hearing on the School Board, where a minority of three could do no great harm or good. But they altogether decline to hand over to them the control of the municipal affairs of Newcastle. The Socialists, however, are not men to give up after They are used to defeats. They had not a defeat. converted Newcastle. They seem to have thought they might convert Mr. John Morley; not convert him, put a certain ount of pressure upon him. They asked him to receive a deputation. He consented The deputation paid him a visit last evening, and then it was that the very curious conversation took place of which I will try to give some account. The chronicler of Newcastle preserves for us the names of some, but only some, of these Socialistic missionaries: Mr. Alexander Stewart, patternmaker; Mr. John Laidler, bricklayer; Mr. W. Hill, blacksmith; Mr. John Hall, joiner. There were others, but these are the men who took part in the dialogue with Mr. Morley.

Americans who follow Mr. John Morley's career attention-will remember that his Newcastle labor constituents tried last year to coerce him into supporting an Eight Hours Law. But Mr. Morley, if I may borrow a little American slang, does not coerce worth a cent. He did not believe in an Eight Hours Law, and told his friends so, and refused to vote for it. They threatened him with electoral pains and penalties-he was to lose their votes and lose his seat, but he only replied that he would rather give up public life than his convictions. Nobody who knows him doubts that he would; or that he would go to the stake for them. If he would carry his independence one step further, and decline to receive a deputation of this sort, he would be doing a public service. They come with a whole string of questions; they put him through a regular catechism; they crossexamine him, and once at least they tried to threaten him as did the Eight Hour people, but discreetly dropped that line. No election is pending, none near, there is no obvious reason why these complicated interrogatories should be administered, or why Mr. Morley should submit to them. It is an indignity which he might well and resist. His acquiescence has pevertheless this advantage, that the Labor party in Newcastle, where it is perhaps as strong as anywhere in England, has shown its hand. It is possible to understand the aims of these gentlemen, and see what they would do if they could. Mr. Morley did not content himself with answering questions; he sometimes asked them; and made some very vigorous comments on the propositions All the early part was plain sailing. The easy

questions-those on which the victim and his tormentors were agreed-came first. Manhood suffrage, the abolition of plural voting, shorter Parliaments, elections all on one day, payment of members of Parliament by the State, payment of election expenses out of the rates-out of local taxes, that is, and not by the candidates themselves, as now-and a second ballot where no candidate has an absolute majority at the first-on all these they were all of one mind, and none of them has anything to do with Socialism. No more has Home Rule, but the Home Rule interrogatory is worth quoting, and shows the drift of socialistic would grant Home Rule to each particular nationality or country demanding it in the British Empire, facluding India. The latter staggered even Mr. Morley. He declined to give a general answer. "I will consider each case as it arises if the demand is made, and when the demand is made." Pressed as to India, he said it was an enormous question, and he would not bring in a measure to grant Home Rule to India " at once." If he means that he would even consider it, he means that he would consider the question of giving up India. Her two hundred and fifty mixed millions would never agree-they never have agreed-among themselves on any form of government, but they might agree to throw off the British voke. To propose Home Rule for India is to reduce the cry for Home Rule to an absurdity. Mr. Hall, who did much of the talking on his side, hoped Mr. Morley would not object to his giving a definition of Home Rule. Mr. Morley said he would not, but would listen with attention. But when Mr. Hall came to the fence he would not take it: he only said. "It is such a vague phrase, Home Rule. I am puzzled myself." Mr. Hall, and wiser men than you have been puzzled, and are still puzzled. Mr. Hill gave his views, but Mr. Hill is not reported.

The Home Rule question proved to be the apple of discord : the period of unanimity came to an end. Mr. Morley and the Socialist Inquisition parted company on the Monarchy. The Socialists want to abolish it; Mr. Morley does not. "I am dead against the abolition of the monarchy," cried he with emphasis; a phrase which henceforth comes often to his lips. It comes, you will hear with pleasure, in answer to the very next question on the nationalization of land: "I am dead against it; and will vote against it." was Mr. Morley's declaration. In between the two was interjected a refusal to approve, at present, the abolition of the House of Lords. He is still for his famous phrase, it must be "mended or ended"; but he is not yet clear that the Lords may not be mended. Then came one of those searching questions of Mr. Morley's, and the following dialogue:

Mr. Morley-What do you mean by nationalizing?

Mr. Laidler-By nationalization we mean that a commission should be appointed to the commission appointed in similar Ireland upon the rent question, that the land should gradually fall into their hands, and that they should transfer it to the various municipalities or county councils, and that these bodies should deal with it according to the democratic spirit accordingly as they were elected for the

Mr. Morley-Are they to pay for it?

Mr. Laidler-We think not. Mr. Morley-You are going to take the land?

Mr. Laidler then said he would be willing that the present owners should hold it for their time: after them, it was to revert to the State; and he quoted Mr. Herbert Spencer as saying that the land had originally been taken by fraud and force, and that to right one wrong it takes another. Morley doubted whether Mr. Spencer had said this, and suggested that he had recalled some things which he had laid down. "If," answered Mr. Laidler loftily, " he has stated truth and recalled it, the truth will prevail." That is a good example of the argumentative confusion of mind in which these land nationalizing gentiemen pass on their lives. Then Mr. Morley asked whether houses were to be nationalized as well as lands.

land had paid for the labor. Upon this Mr.

Morley thought it time to speak out. Mr. Morley-I cannot think that what is commonly called nationalization of the land is anything but what it was called the other dayeither robbery or folly. I have really no more to say on that subject.

Nor need more be said. It is the final summing up of the whole matter. But you may remember that it was in this same town of Newcastle that Mr. Henry George was confronted with a crux which proved too much for him. "Our townsman, Mr. Wentworth Beaumont," said one of George's audience, " has lately bought an estate hard by, for which he has paid a million. Do you say the State ought to seize on that land and not pay back to Mr. Beaumont the money he has just paid for it?" No direct answer could be got, and Mr. George found himself in disgrace with

his audience. Free education followed; Mr. Morley is in favor of that; whether his interviewers are seems doubtful. "There is a lot of fiction about it," Mr. Stewart perspicaciously; and there is still more on the question whether free meals should be provided for the pupils. So they dropped that and tried the Eight Hours Law again, but with no success whatever. " Everything that has happened since we last discussed it," said Mr. Morley, confirms my opinion that it is a most mischievous, impracticable proposal." "I will point out a reason," said Mr. Hill, kindly, desiring to supply Mr. Morley's mental deficiencies, but the offer was declined. Upon which they plunged deeper and deeper into Socialistic mire; into questions about Poor Laws, and about State insurance against poverty; and the excellent Mr. Hill proclaimed the separation of the sexes in pauper workhouses to be one of their grievances. It proved not to be one of Mr. Morley's. From that to nationalizing railways is a long

step. " By payment?" queried Mr. Morley," Certeinly," answered Mr. Hall, but it would seem that the Socialists are on this point divided among themselves, for Mr. Woods pressed it "independently of payment or of their falling into the hands of the people after a certain time." He got his answer plainly : " If you mean without payment, it would be the most impudent form of robbery it -and there are few which better deserve their close had ever entered into the mind of man to concrive." There are, then, two schools of Newcastle Socialists; one in favor of stealing land, but not railways; another in favor of stealing both. Mr. Morley belongs to neither. There were other puestions, but I have touched on the most important and most illustrative. Well might Mr. Morley ask at the end what was the object of putting him through this steeplechase and over these ditches. But the gain to the public is something The people of Newcastle will be able to vote for or against Socialism with tolerably clear notions of what they oppose or support, and to say plainly whether they do or do not abide by the commandment which occurs in the fifteenth verse of the G. W. S. twentieth chapter of Exodus.

SOCIALISM IN GERMANY,

THE COMING CONTEST IN THE REICHSTAG -THREE CONFLICTING POLICIES.

(FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

Berlin, November 4. stag. the discussion To-day, in the Reichstag, the anti-Socialistic law will and it promises to be a long one and the most important of all those which may occur during this session. The fight will be between State Socialism, understood by Prince Bismarck, and independent or Simon-pure Socialism, as supported by Bebel, Lieb knecht, Vollmar and other Revolutionists. The fight between these two sets of combatants depends upon the attitude to be assumed by the third kind of Socialism in existence, that is, the Catholic Socialism. Each of the big contestants will endeavor, in toning down its demands, to draw to itself the sympathy of the third party, which is to act really as a judge of the con-test. The Revolutionary Socialist orators will try to look like oppressed lambs; the partisans of State Socialism, with Bismarck at their head, will recall mildly to the Catholic Socialists of the Centrum that the great Chancellor has already once "gone to Canossa," when he wanted the same Centrum to his law of the Septenate military budget, which implies that he may be willing to make that journey again, as a return for one more favorable vote of the Catholic members of the Reichstag.

The debate will rest entirely upon the project submitted by the Government toward transforming into a standing and perpetual law the measures temporarily applied against proposed, under the guise of a "law of exception," by the Berlin Cabinet in 1878, soon after the attempts against the life of Kaiser Wilhelm I. This exceptional law was proposed and voted only for two years. 880 it was prolonged until 1884, despite the efforts of the Iron Chancellor, who wanted the date made 1886. In 1884 the law was continued for two more years, after stormy debates in the Reichstag, and after many mild amendments had been tacked to it. The majority was only thirty-two. A majority was again found in 1886 and 1885 to vote a two years' prolongation. It is easy to understand how trying and disagreeable these continual wrangles prove to a man like Bismarck. He wants to have a pecennial law against Socialism, just as he hopes to get one finally for the military budget, which he has already succeeded in having voted for seven years at a time, instead of two years. In order to reach his point on the anti-Socialistic

law, and to make it perpetual, he cajoles the Catholic party of the Centrum on one hand, and plays the card of State Socialism on the other. He expects, thanks to the latter manoeuvies, to quiet the Conservatives by nowing them that he will soon rally to him th laboring classes, by offering them undisputed advantages, and to weaken the hold of the Revolutionary Socialist leaders upon those classes. Dismarck's State Socialism consists in having the country endowel with a philanthropic system of insurance, which guarantees to the workingman rest for his old days and indemnity for accidents, and to the agricultural laborer or small landowner or peasant, a compensation for damages caused by storms, epidemics, floods, etc. On the other hand, the amendments to the temporary , proposed by the Government to be made perpetual are mild in appearance. Agitators could be no longer expelled from the Empire, except if they exercised their nefarious business in districts placed under the reginie called "the little state of siege." But this is aggravated by another clause, stating that persons already expelled shall not be able to return after the ing of the state of siege, unless they are permitted to do so by the police authorities. Moreover, such a legal disposition, if ever inserted in a perpetual law, as requested by the Government, would be a standing menace to every citizen. The National Liberals themselves, so strongly devoted to the Chamcellor and his policy, show by the language of their organs that they will hesitate before voting the law. It might be utilized, indeed, against all parties, under the protext of socialistic tendencies more or less pronounced. Some other medifications of the law make it especially obnoxious to the Socialistic of the Revolutionary type. They are forbidden to meet under certain conditions, to send delegates to Parliament, to constitute syndicates, etc. They are determined, and their orators will fight hard in the Reichstag. They know too, that persecution has contributed to the chlargement of the party. There were only three Socialists in the Reichstag in 1875, while there are now twenty-one, and there may be fifty in the Parliament of 1890. The new law proposes to institute a "Gommission of Complaints," something like a Court of Appeals, in the interest of the Socialists. But the latter say that this is only a sham, because the Commission is to be composed of ted members, appointed by the Government. They prefer to have to deal only, as before, with the Supreme Tribunal of Leipsig, though it has proved to be rather hard on them.

While the perpetual character of the anti-Socialistic law will be sternly attacked by the pure Socialistic, and weakly supported by the National Liberals, the theory of State Socialism will not be defended by the Centrum, whose members are of the opinion that only the Catholic Church is able to solve the Social question. This is a theory newly started by the adherents of that Church, which has been ably supported and explained at the Catholic Congresses of Vienna and Munich—held this year—by Prince Lichstenstein, Mr. Windhorst, and other eminent personages of the catholic Church is able to solve the Social guestion. This is a theory in plantage to Rome. has taken and other eminent personages legal disposition, if ever inserted in a perpetual law, as requested by the Government, would be a standing

CURIOUS METHOD OF SKINNING A COON.

John Martin, in The St. Louis Globe Democrat.

A most remarkable feat that I saw performed while on a recent hunting four in Southern Missouri, was that of a native of that part of the country, which skinned a coon, or rather, removed the coon from the is labor, but in land not:" "Not?" queried Mr.
Morley, upon which Mr. Laidler thought the labor in land ought to belong to the labor; regardless of the fact that the owner of the

WITH THE PAN-AMERICANS

REMINISCENCES OF THEIR JOURNEY.

THE DEADLY COMMITTEE MAN - A DISAP POINTED EXGOVERNOR-THE PITFALLS OF SLANG-A WITTY DIPLOMAT - THE

FIGARO OF THE EXPEDITION. Washington, Nov. 16.-The members of the Inter national American Conference, are once more at the capital, having survived the dimers, the receptions and the festivities of a forty days' tour. How the did it is more than I can say. Human endurance has its limits, and in the case of the South and Central American delegates it seems to have been taxed to the utmost extent. They have seen a variety of things. The number of factories, mills and workshops inspected is without number almost. They have visited schools of every description, from the kindergarten to the university. They have admired the learning and the luxury of Harvard and Yale; they have had an opportunity to test the modest but more sturdy vigor and enthusiasm of Ann Arbor; and they have with difficulty torn themselves away from the spectacle of a hundred young ladies engaged in calisthemic exercises at the High School in St. Louis, though that picture will forever haunt the memory of some of Standing in front of Niagara and exploring the sub. terranean wonders of the Mammoth Cave must have inspired even those who had been accustomed to the awful grandeur of the Cordilleras and the Andes with a sense of the vastness of the scale on which nature has worked its wonders in this country. On th placid waters of Lake Eric and of Lake Michigan they caught a glimpse of a stupendous commerce, and in cities like Chicago and Kansas City they recognize two wonders of the nineteenth century. The public institutions visited-the capitols, the prisons, the almshouses, the penitentiaries, the insane asylumsmust have left a deep impression upon their minds The home life, too, of the people cannot but have helped to attract their attention, with its air of general properity, contentedness and refinement. But all these impressions, and many more, which lack of space forbids me to mention, pale into insignificance when they contemplate in their mind's eye and revive it

their recollection the spectre of the Committee Man. How am I ever to do justice to that great charconfess I despair when I contemplate the variety of the species and the many different circumstances under which I have met him. An abler than mine is required to picture this interesting freak of our civilization. Sometimes I think I have caught the distinctive features of his mental make-up, when, lot there appears a new specimen to upset all previously conceived notions. Our foreign friendimagine they have arrived at a rational theory regarding the origin, the functions and the use of the Committee Man. But they are mistaken. Theirs a superficial view only. It sees the shadows merely in the picture; but it neither recognizes the lights, nor does it enter into the spirit of the thing. The only excuse they can offer for the gloomy view taken by most of them on the subject of the Committee Man is that they have been grievous sufferers for the last six weeks. You should not look upon them as confirmed misanthropes, however, on that account.

If I were asked what is the chief characteristic of the Committee Man, I should unhesitatingly answer His lover-like devotion to his victim. It knows no bounds, and the time-table of the railroad alone can Our Spanish friends have dubbed him, rathe appropriately, "Bridegroom," From the moment the Committee Man, accompanied by his friends, enters the car, a hundrel miles this side of his home, you become the object of his assidnous care. As he passes through the car you think you can escape him by feigning sleep. But you can't deceive so experienced a nurse. He doesn't permit you to relapse into a somnolent condition. He pictures the pleasures awaiting you in glowing colors, and incidentally throws a few figures designed to show the resources of Podunk and the certainty of its future greatness. His tender and sympathetic interest in your welfare com pels him to taste your wines and smoke your cigars lest harm should befall you by partilling of inferio exhilarating competition among individuals of the same genus, as to who shall escort this, that or the other delegate in the ride about town. It is then that Judge Upright, Major Dash, Admiral Tarpaulin. Colonel Blood and the Member of the Deestrick-all of them belonging to the genus "Committee Man" seowl at each other and mutter haughty things which make the lookers on smile. But, firmly seated in the carriage, the Committee Man at once begins operations upon his victim:

"This," says he, " is our City Hall-cost \$5,000,000 -half of it stolen-over there a new bank-president came here barefooted two years ago-millionaire now -daughter going to marry an English Lord-one of our largest packing establishments-daughter awfully ugly-kill more hogs here than in any other city in -yes, the daughter squints-going to have cable carthis winter-will cost \$10,000,000-there is Rob inson's dry goods store-largest in the West-bls brothe married my wife's niece-our new art gallery-don't know anything about pictures myself, but am told we turn out more than any other city in the Statemade in New-York-Howde, Jones, can't see you now, busy showing distinguished visitors about town-soap factory-largest west of the Aileghenies-you bet we are clean-wash every day-property right here worth \$250 a front foot-six months ago could have bought it for ten cents-"

And so on all through the drive. There is no escape from it. You have to submit. At dinner there may be a brief respite, but the chances are that the awfu presence will be at your side. The afternoon passes like the forenoon. You seek relief in the din of workshop or a factory. In vain, the voice of the Committee Man at your elbow shrieks above the irmoll and labor of the ponderous machinery: "This is the largest establishment of its kind in

Does the evening bring rest? Not much. Once more your guardian hovers around you, and at the reception offers to introduce you to the ladies. breathe a sigh of relief at the prospect of escape. Vain is your expectation. For some unaccountable reason—and this is a phenomenon which may well puzzle persons of a scientific turn of mind-the acquaintances of the Committee Man are all ladies of a most decidedly certain age, and they look as uncompromising as the buzz-saw which you watched with fascinated gaze at the factory in the afternoon. And at night, when sink upon your pillow, exhausted, there still stands at the foot of the bed that dreadful picture of the Committee Man, to haunt your dreams, and you hear his

"We manufacture more, and better, and cheaper than any other nation on the face of the earth."

gested that they might stain their faces with walnut juice and persistently refuse to understand English; but like most good things of this kind, the suggestion came too late to be of any real value. Still, without practising this deception, many of us were taken by the aforesaid grandees as of Spanish-American extraction—and through no fault of our own. There are none so blind as those who will not see. The committeeman who rose early in the moraing and pinned a badge upon his manty bosom did so in many cases with the firm resolve to return that same night to his fireside and relate to an admiring home-circle how he rode in the relate to an admiring home-circle how he rode in the same carriage with Don Whiskerando, or how he sat during the banquet at the side of Senor Colorado Maduro, or how he had the honor of personally conducting through his pinwheel factory the delegate from Patagonia. The average Englishman (see Thackeray) does

love a Lord, but the average American—no, this is slander; I cannot believe it. I would rather believe that the local committeeman belongs to a species by itself, indigenous to certain localities and gregarious in its habits, but showing hopeful signs of an early

decay. It would be monstrous were it otherwise.

The disappointment experienced by many of these good people at finding themselves talking to a common native when they imagined to be standing in the presence of a live senor must have been keen and often At Manchester, I remember that I was apreached by a pompous old gentleman, while examining ome print goods which had been placed there on exhibition in one of the unfinished mill buildings, who presently began to pour into my ear a lot of valuable tatistics and data-all intended to show the greatness the enterprise, the wealth of the town and of the State in which the fown was situated. I listened, I trust, with becoming modesty and attention; I tried, at least to digest some of the information; I attempted even

to appear interested. But I couldn't avert the crisis. "Tnis, sir," the old gentleman exclaimed, with magnificent sweep of his hand-and, by the way, I found out afterward that the only Democratic Governor the State of New-Hampshire ever produced was addressing me—"this hall, sir," said he, "in which we now stand, is 685 feet and 6 inches long, not counting the thickness of the side walls!" Then, after pausing for a minute to permit me to recover from my astonishment, which he imagined he saw depicted in my countenance, he continued, in a fatherly and patronizing manner:

" I do not know what idea these figures convey you of the size of this magnificent hall. In your ountry you perhaps have other measures-by the way, where are you from?"

Washington, D. C."

" Oh !!!! It was the last utterance I heard from that source In another second I had the melancholy satisfaction of beholding the gentleman's back rapidly moving in the direction of a heavily laden lunch-counter. But there are disappointments too deep to drown. Poor old man! Poor old man!

The attempts of our South American friends to familiarize themselves with the English language, though in the main successful, have often led to disastrous results. Especially is this true when they have ventured into the domain of slang. I am forced to confess that for many of the ventures in this direction the young ladies in the West are to blame. They have, with that charming disregard for the little conventionalities of life, which so frequently distinguishes them, set themselves up as teachers, and the young men of our party have been only willingenough pupils. When a pretty young girl puckers her mouth and says-well, now, I am not going to tell tales out of school; neither am I going to agree with those grewsome old spinsters and staid, dignified matrons who forget that they were young themselve once, and are so fond of declaring, with an ex-cathedra air, that "well-bred young ladies never use slang." They make me weary (I am afraid I am dropping into slang myself, now), and I have no patience with them. I say, when a pretty young girl uses slang discreetly it is as effective almost as a fan in the hands of one of those dark-eyed senoritas we read so much about in books-the beautiful ones, I mean-but never see, because, I suppose, they are always kept under lock

Senor X,-1 mention no name because the hom of the young gentleman is not a hundred miles from Valparaiso,-Senor N. I sav. had been engaged in of Judge ti-, in the conservatory attached to the host's residence. She was a remarkably handsome young woman, extremely bright and clever in conversation, and with a charm of manner which seemed to hold the young diplomat a willing captive, much to the chagrin of half a dozen attaches who moped in the corner and east scowling glances in the direction of their more fortunate companion, instead of looking pleasant as they might have done with a little effort at self-control. In an evil moment Miss G- touched upon the subject of slang. This seemed Senor X's forte. He had picked up half a dozen slang phrases on the steamer coming to this country and had added. since his arrival, perhaps as many more to his little collection. Small as it was, it outnumbered the sum total of his yecabulary of the rest of the language. unulated wisdom to the young lady he felt extremely proud? Word led to word, one phrase to the And the explanations and the comments! There never seemed a happier pair. Then, suddenly as if seized by an idea, the young foreigner exclaimed Ah, Mees, you ha-ave a great deal of gall!"

If she had been struck in the face, if the ceiling had opened before her gaze, Miss G—— could not have looked more surprised. A sickly smile played about her lips as she turned her lead. In vain did the young man, with a horrid grin on his countenance, try to explain that he meant to say she had a " grea deal of go." She would listen to no explanation, but left him standing there and then, in search of her chaperone. 'The young man doesn't know to the present day what ailed the young woman. There is, however, at least one family in M---s to-day, who think that all South Americans are ill-mannered boors and "n) gentlemen," and one young woman, perhaps, who is of the opinion that they are all " too mean for anything."

Senor Zegarra, the accomplished delegate from Peru has been the author of more bon-mots than almost any other member of the party. Under a stern and dignided exterior he conceals a most lively and amiable disposition, which frequently finds vent in quibs and quibles of more than ordinary merit. Here is one t his witty little remarks, which, you will admit, for foreigner especially, shows not only discernment and nowledge of men and things, but an astonishing familiarity with the intricacies of our language as well. It was at a reception in St. Paul, I believe. Senor Zegarra had been engaged in conversation with a oung lady for some time, when he was joined by his ecretary, Schor Alberto Falcon. The latter was, of ourse, duly presented to the young lady by his chief.
"Senor Falcon," said the delegate from Peru, with

wave of his hand.

The young lady seemed either surprised, or she had not heard the name correctly. She looked puzzled.

"Falcon-Falcon-Fa-l-c-o-n," repeated the young rentleman, who never lets an opportunity escape him to fix himself in the memory of the fair sex. And added ha: "Think of the falcon, the bird of prey."

The young lady smiled graciously. " Don't make a mistake, my dear young lady," interposed Senor Zegarra, in a benevolent tone of voice; the belongs to a different variety altogether. My secretary never prays."

We have had a surfeit of statistics. They have been thrown at us, I might almost say, day and night -a perfect fusilade of them. On awakening in the morning your first glance met that ever-present pamphlet lying on the counterpane. Ten to one there was one already concealed under the pillow. How either got there is a mystery. Just as you rose another would be thrust coyly underneath the door or over the transom. You descended to the breakfast

"We manufacture more, and better, and cheaper than any other nation on the face of the earth."

No wonder the delegates are tired out. They have met our Committee Man. Is any other explanation called for? I think not.

Right here let me interject a little anecdote liminating a feature in the Committee Man's character. It occurred at Pittsburg. All day long the delegates had tramped over factories and machine shops, getting in and out of their carriages in a drenching rain. At last one of them expressed a desire to return to thoic!

"Why, going already?" asked the astonished Committee Man. "You haven't seen ha lifwhat we intend to show you. You had better come along."

"I'm tired and can go no further," insisted the delegate. And strange to say he carried his point.

That night the Committee Man was discussing what he called the extraordinary behaviour of "that South American chap," with one of his friends in the lobby of the Monongahela. His friend had little to say in reply, and the Committee Man finally broke out with: "Well, when I came here, twenty years ago, I had to work ten hours a day and I never thought of complaining. Them chaps, when we want to show them what we can do, kick because they are asked to walk through our shops for six hours."

It is much to be feared that the impression made by some of the American members in the party upon certain local grandees in places visited has not in all cases been a favorable one. So far as I know, their only fault was that they were not born in South or Central America. Curious, inn't it? Some one suggested that the yield the extended of the prophilation of the delegates have the reception committee or the carried his prophilation of the delegates in late of the amenut of the reception comment of the delegates in all cases been a favorable one. So far as I know, their or carried the prophilation of the delegates have the reception committee or the carried the pro

he was the centre of an admiring circle of professionals, white and black. Said one of these, more inquisitive then the rest:

"Say, Mistah Chris, does yo' shabe when dem kyars am a 'movin'!"

The look of ineffable scorn on Chris's face should have satisfied the inquirer. But the latter persisted:

"Fo' suah, now, Mistah Chris, did yo' eber done shabe any gemman when dem kyars am in motion!"

"Nein, mine front," at last bluried out Chris, "ven I vants to shave a chentlemans I pulls the rope up here and the train shtops and ven I get through I pulls the rope again. Deli ve goes on until I cries inext."

In the cylinter of the colored Figure "Chris" In the opinion of the colored Figure "Chris" wasn't such a wonder after all.

STORIES OF HUNTING.

INCIDENTS AND ADVENTURES AMONG THE POCONO MOUNTAINS.

Mount Pocono, Penn., Nov. 16 (Special).—At a sportsmen's resort a few miles back in the woods some interesting stories were told in front of a blazing campfire a few nights ago. Charles Dean, who has hunted in these fields for many years, said that he and a party of deer hunters were recently camped on the headwaters of the Bushkill, near the borders of Pike and Monroe counties. Just after the had rolled out of their rude cots before sunrise on a delightful morning in October, they heard a doe bleating in the timber near by as though she had been wounded. Dean stepped outside of the tent, and just then the doe ran out of the woods into the open space in front of the camp. A large catamount was clinging to her slim neck, and she was bleating pitcously and trying to shake off the bloodthirsty beast. Dean jumped for his rifle, sent a bullet through the catamount and knocked it from the doe's neck. It showed fight, but another bullet killed it. The doe's neck was torn and bleeding, and he put an end

to her sufferings. Another hunter said that four of them trout-fishing expedition last summer several miles from any farmheuse. One of the party had twenty pounds of fine trout packed in charcoal ready to take home the next day. He put the box near a tree to keep it cool, and during the night a pack of coons came along, pawed the trout out of the box and chewed them up. The fisherman was so much put out about the theft that he got the rest of the party to stay over for another day and help him catch more trout. They had good luck, and toward evening he walked three miles and back to get a coon trap. coon got into the trap during the night, and all that the young man ever saw of either the coon or the trap was some coon tracks and the prints of the chain in the gravel.

In a Monroe County hunting camp last month this thing happened, another hunter said. Four dead hares were hung up by their heads outside of the cabin just as the sportsmen turned in for the night. In the morning nothing was left of the hares except the heads. It was supposed that a lynx had devoured the hares, and the next night they set a steel trap for the thief. At about 2 o'clock in the morning a large lynx got one of its feet caught in the trap, and it creamed so hard that the hunters all woke up. of them ran out with a torch in one hand and a club in the other, but he was in too big a hurry to maul the life out of the lynx, and he got so near thatthe maddened animal caught him by the right arm, and clawed and bit him so badly, that he will not be able to shoot any more this fall. One of the other hunters went to his rescue and clubbed the lynx to death.

"I picked up a young cub bear near the head of White Oak Run last summer," said another of the party, "and it began to squ'al like fury. So I hugged it to me and that made it bawl all the harder. Pretty soon I heard the old bear thrashing through the brush and calling to her young one. I hadn't any gun, and as I didn't care to have any fuss with the mother of the cub, I climbed a small spruce tree rather lively, tossing the cub into the bushes as I made for the tree. The old bear reached the spot by the time I had climbed up as far as I could get. Another cub was tagging her, but she didn't pay any attention to it till she had hunted up the squealing one, licked it all over and quieted it. Then she took her young ones out of sight, and when I thought she had got a good ways off, I slid down and struck for the clearing. I'd seen all the bears I wanted to in one day." "I must tell you how I annihilated a whole fam

ily of hen-hawks last summer." a young farmer remarked. "They had been stealing my chickens right along, and one day I loaded the shotgun and hid in the corn-crib. In a little while a hawk swooped down and gobbled a chicken. The chicken was as big as a full-grown quall, and the hawk couldn't handle That gave me time to take good aim at the hawk, and I made its feathers fly and killed the chicken, too. The hawk was the mother of a nestfull of young ones up in the woods, and the little hawks began to squall toward night. When I went to the woods I found they were just old enough to fly a little. The male was trying to take care of them, and I shot him and his whole family before dark."

dark."

Another hunter told about seeing a bear over on the Panpack Creek as he was on his way out of the woods with a mess of trout last June. He stood perfectly still close to a hemicok tree the moment he caught sight of the bear. The animal didn't see caught sight of the bear.

him, though. It was nosing in the undergrowth, but it soon stood up straight, sniffed the air and settled down on its haunches. Then it took one long sniff, swung itself square around and went rolling and tumbling down the hill through the laure! bushes, It had got seen to of the man and was glad to get away with its life, the hunter supposed from the way, it acted.

away with its life, the hunter supposed from the way it acted.

Mr. Dean then imitated the mournful note of a hoot-owl to perfection and told the white was near Taylor's Swamp a few weeks ago he stood still and hooted a number of times. In a few minutes a fine, large make hootowl flew out of the swamp and alighted on a tamarack tree, under which he was standing. The male owl was quickly joined by its mate. Mr. Dean shot the male for the purpose of having it stuffed and let the female live.

A ROYAL HUSBAND.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FREDERICK III.

From Freytag's Reminiscences,
On the evening of the 23d of August, 1870, at Ligny, I was with the Crown Prince alone. He lay, fatigued, on his narrow field bed, which he had put up whenever we were quartered. Before him on the little writing-table stood the photographs of the Crown Princess and his children, so that his eye could rest upon them. He spoke at once of his dear ones at home, of the characters of his children, how each of them was developing, of his sorrow for those that were lost. His eyes noistened, and his face was transfigured by love and grief. His manner was so warm and pleasing that it softened the listener, too.

that were lost. His eyes mostered was transfigured by love and grief. His manner was so warm and pleasing that it softened the listener, teo.

Then he began to speak of his consort in terms full of tender devotion. He extolled the wealth of her knowledge and her mental capacity, to which he said, he had afways to look up, and he lamented that such a woman was not appreciated everywhere. One felt how happy it made him to speak of her of whom he was constantly thinking. Every act of homage, even the smallest, done to the woman he worshipped was to him a matter of importance, for his devotion and subordination to his loved wife were absolute. This love was the highest and holiest thing in his life, and filled his whole soul. She was the mistress of his youth, the confidant of all his thoughts, his counsellor whenever she was disposed to give counsel. The laying out of the grounds, the adornment of the dwelling, the education of the children, verdicts on persons and events—in everything he consulted her thoughts and wishes. When he could not follow her wholly, or when his inmost soul contradicted her demand, he was very unhappy and uneasy. She had come to him from amid greater circumstances; had, with rich natural gifts, as her father's favorice child, drawn her intellectual equipment from a far wider sphere of educative material. Through happy years she had labored with much zeal, and with great patience, to cultivate in the soul of her husband the interests she had at hear; and he felt in his pure and simple breast that what gained evit in his pure and simple breast that what gained felt in his pure and simple breast that what gained felt in his pure and simple breast that what gained felt in his pure and simple breast that what gained felt in his pure and simple breast that what gained felt in his pure and simple breast that what gained felt in his pure and simple breast that what gained to produce difficulties and struggles, greater, perhaps, for the wife herself, who led and elevated him haps, for the wife her

COOL PRESUMPTION.

From The Albany Express.

One of the leading Pearl-st, merchants was an eye witness yesterday to the utter demolition of all previous records in the way of cold nerve. He was previous records in the way of cold nerve. He was busy at one of his counters and did not look up as the quick step of a woman was heard in the front of the store, nor as its owner passed him, going toward the rear of the place. He even thought it might be his wife, who is a frequent visitor at her husband's place of business. A minute later he went back himself to his little private office in the went back himself to his little private office in the rear, and reached the door just as a well-dressed and eminently respectable woman, whose dressed and eminently respectable woman, whose hame is in the recently published list of Albany saightly, closed his each drawer with a bang, and slightly, closed his each drawer with a bang, and looking up as he stopped, thunder-struck on the threshold, said cooly: "Well, you haven-t got change enough to change my 55 bill, so I won't bother you." Then she swept out of the store, the there you." Then she swept out of the store, the provided collapse from which he has not yet recovered.

FIDO FINDS THE POCKETBOOK. From The Birmingham (Conn.) Transcript.

From The Birmingham (Conn.) Transcript.

A lady living near the Old Town road recently lost her pocketbook, containing a considerable amount of money, and she was naturally very anxious to recover it. She had been working about the yard and garden during the day and supposed that she dropped it there. A diligent search, in which she was assisted by her neighbors, failed to find the missing article, and she gave it up in despair, going into the house. There she saw her little dog, and more to relieve her feelings than anything else, said:

"Fido, go find my pocketbook, and don't come back



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until you get it." Fido, after an appealing times at his mistress, sneaked out of the door, with his tail between his legs, looking as though he wanted to lie down and die. He was noticed soon after ward, hunting and smelling around the lot finally disappearing in some tail weeds. It was only a few minutes later when Fido was heard whining and scrutching at the door, and when it was opened he walked in, bearing the pocketbook in his mouth. I'do had undoubtedly understood what his mistress said, and was smarter than the whole crowd of human beings.

A WISE BOY-KING.

THREE ENOCH ARDENS - PARIS ITSELE AGAIN.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUTAL Paris, November 5. So much has been written about the box Kings of Servia and Spain, and such immense quantities of ink have been devoted to describing almost every minute of their daily lives, that it will surely be with a feeling of relief that the news will be received of another child monarch having appeared upon the scene in the

person of King Thantai, the quaint little nineyear-old sovereign of the great Kingdom of Annam. He is one of the queerest children imaginable, and unlike their Majesties of Spain and Servia, disdains all games, sports or childish amusements. Solemnly serious and of a media tative turn of mind, he spends his days in the solitude of his palace, shunning the companions of his own age, and poring over books and manus scripts. It seems as if he already realized the heavy fload of responsibility which rests on the shoulders of a sovereign, and far from trying to escape the arduous task of cramming in his little brain with the knowledge he will so much need in later years, he insists on being taught and has already mastered the intricate difficulties of the Chinese alphabet. He is now terribly carnest in his efforts to learn French, and h is extremely particular that those who instruct him shall be conscientious and perfectly informed in all the different branches of study which he pursues. Lately an old Prince happened to be reading to his little Majesty a book on philosophy; which he explained as he read A particularly obscure sentence caused the old man, whose faculties are probably slightly dimmed by age, to pause. King Thantai gazed at him for a moment and then, with a slightly centemptuous smile, remarked, "You would do well in future to study beforehand the works which you undertake to explain to me." old Prince managed to stammer out some excuse and apologies, and then precipitately retreated in order to lose no time in obeying his Royal master's commands with regard to the polishing

The French Government some time ago dispatched a shipload of costly and magnificent toys to the boy King, and as most of them are calculated to make him acquainted with the marvels of civilization, he has deigned to show his satisfaction with the gift. Among these royal playthings are a complete railway train, composed of six cars and an engine, which works exactly like an ordinary one, steams, puffs, and draws the train over genuine rails; a miniature steamboat, perfect in its smallest details; and a nightingale, made of gold and precious stones, which, perched on an ivory stick in a golden cage, sings the sweetest of melodies.

up of his classics.

A fact which seems almost incredible in these times of steam and telegraphs has just transpired here. Three French officers, who had been reported as dead after the battle of Metz, in 1870, have returned a few days ago to the bosoms of their respective families. It appears that they had been condemned to nineteen years of incarceration in a fortress, and not having any means to communicate with their relations, they have for all these long years been considered as dead. The awkward part of their resurrection is that their wives, believing themselves free, have all of them married again. This creates a rather interesting, if embarrassing, position for the parties concerned, and promises some complications.

The fashionable world is fast returning to Paris, the shutters have been thrown open at every mansion of the Faubourg St. Germain, likewise round and about the Arc de Triomphe, is the Champs Elysees, and in the grand theroughfares leading to the Bois de Boulogne. The hurlyburly of the last days of the Exhibition waxed stronger each day as the final one for closing approached nearer and nearer. To true lovers of Paris the disappearance of the exotic visitors of the Esplanade des Invalides will be a great

ALLEGED HYDROPHOBIA.

From The Lancet.

The great interest which has been taken in the subject of hydrophobia outside the inedical profession was sure to lead to stimulation of the disease, at a events as regards some of the more marked symptoms. A recent example of this was quoted as a real cash arising under circumstances of a peculiar character, and there is the persons and an arising and became very violent. Adolf old particulated dog. He snapped at and tried to his the furlated dog. He snapped at and tried to his the furlated dog. He snapped at and tried to his the furlated dog. He snapped at an arised to his the furlated dog. He snapped at an arised to his the furlated dog. He snapped at an tried to his the tried violent, vomitted and had attacks of shiving an ambulance to St. Thomas's Hospital, where is constituted violent, vomitted and had attacks of shiving was opisthotonos. After two days in bed and remained with bromide of potassium he quite recovered. The possibility of bydrophobia was only suggested to the hospital authorities, as the man saah had been blued hospital authorities, as the man saah had had been blued treated in the infirmary. He appears to have been placed in the strong room, but left at the end of thee days. He sald that he had had three other fits at long intervals. We recollect having seen enter a crowded out-patient department on his hade enter a crowded out-patient department on his basel him walk away in a few pipules.